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C2

Readings Booklet

June 2001



English 30
Part B: Reading
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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June 2001

English 30

Part B: Reading

Readings Booklet

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to complete the examination.

Budget your time carefully.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 7 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from an essay.

The time period is 1975. The San Juan Islands are off the Pacific coast between Vancouver, B.C., and Seattle, Washington. Dave Rahm was a stunt pilot whom the writer watched fly at an air show in Bellingham, Washington.

from THE STUNT PILOT

I was living then with my husband out on a remote island in the San Juans, cut off from everything. Battery radios picked up the Canadian Broadcasting Company out of Toronto, half a continent away; island people would, in theory, learn if the United States blew up, but not much else. There were no newspapers. One of our
5 friends got the Sunday *New York Times* by mail on the following Friday. He saved it until Sunday and had a party, every week; we all read the Sunday *Times* and no one mentioned that the newspaper was last week's.

One day, an acquaintance flew out from Bellingham to visit; he had a seaplane. He landed in the water in front of the cabin and tied up to our mooring.
10 He came in for coffee, and he gave out news of this and that, and—Say, did we know that stunt pilot Dave Rahm had cracked up? In Jordan, during a performance: he never came out of a dive. He just dove right down into the ground, and his wife was there watching. “I saw it on CBS news last night.” And then, with a sudden sharp look at my filling eyes—“What, did you know him?”
15 But no, I did not know him. He took me up once. Several years ago. I admired his flying. I had thought that danger was the safest thing in the world, if you went about it right.

Later I found a newspaper. Rahm was living in Jordan that year; King Hussein invited him to train the aerobatics team, the Royal Jordanian Falcons. He
20 was also visiting professor of geology at the University of Jordan. In Amman that day he had been flying a Pitt Special, a plane he knew well. Katy Rahm, his wife of six months, was sitting beside Hussein in the reviewing stands, with her daughter. Rahm died performing a *lumschovak*. The pilot brings the plane straight up and stalls it. Then he slides down the air on his tail. He brings the
25 nose down, and finishes with a low loop. It is a dangerous maneuver at any altitude, and Rahm was doing it low. He hit the ground on the loop; the tail slide had left him no height. When Rahm went down, King Hussein dashed to the burning plane to pull him out, but he was already dead.

A FEW MONTHS after the Bellingham air show, and a month after I had flown
30 with Rahm, I was working at my desk when I heard a sound so odd it finally penetrated my concentration. It was the buzz of an airplane, but it rose and fell

Continued

musically, and it never quit; the plane never flew out of earshot. I walked out on the porch and looked up: it was Rahm in the black and gold biplane, looping all over the air. I had been wondering about his performance flight: Could it really
35 have been so beautiful? It was, for here it was again. The little plane twined all over the air like a vine. It trailed a line like a very long mathematical proof you could follow only so far, and then it lost you in its complexity. I saw Rahm flying high over the Douglas firs, and out over the water and back over farms. The air was a fluid, and Rahm was an eel.

40 It was as if Mozart could move his body through his notes, and you could walk out on the porch, look up, and see him in periwig and breeches, flying around in the sky. You could hear the music as he dove through it; it streamed after him like a contrail.

I lost myself; standing on the firm porch I lost my direction and reeled. My
45 neck and spine rose and turned, so I followed the plane's line kinesthetically.¹ In his open-cockpit black plane, Rahm demonstrated curved space. He slid down ramps of air, he vaulted and wheeled. He piled loops in heaps and praised height. He unrolled the scroll of the air, extended it, and bent it into Möbius strips;² he furled line in a thousand new ways, as if he were inventing a script and
50 writing it in one infinitely recurring utterance until I thought the bounds of beauty must break.

From inside, the looping plane had sounded tinny, like a kazoo. Outside the buzz rose and fell to the Doppler effect as the plane looped near or away. Rahm
55 cleaved the sky like a prow and tossed out time left and right in his wake. He performed for forty minutes; then he headed the plane, as small as a wasp, back to the airport inland. Later I learned Rahm often practiced acrobatic flights over this shore. His idea was that if he lost control and was going to go down, he could ditch in the salt chuck, where no one else would get hurt.

If I had not turned two barrel rolls in an airplane, I might have fancied Rahm felt
60 good up there, and playful. Maybe Jackson Pollock³ felt a sort of playfulness, in addition to the artist's usual deliberate and intelligent care. In my limited experience, painting, unlike writing, pleases the senses while you do it, and more while you do it than after it is done. Drawing lines with an airplane, unfortunately, tortures the senses. Jet bomber pilots black out. I knew Rahm felt
65 as if his brain were bursting his eardrums, felt that if he let his jaws close as tight as centrifugal force pressed them, he would bite through his lungs.

Rahm was deliberately turning himself into a figure. Sitting invisible that

Continued

¹kinesthetically—through the sensation of movement

²Möbius strips—a one-sided surface, formed by giving a half-twist to a narrow, rectangular strip of paper and then pasting its two ends together

³Jackson Pollock—(1912–1956) American abstract expressionist painter who invented a technique where images emerge haphazardly rather than as preconceived designs

afternoon at the controls of a distant airplane, he became, as always, the agent and the instrument of art and invention. He did not tell me how he felt, when he spoke
70 of his performance flying; he told me instead that he paid attention to how his plane and its line looked to the audience against the lighted sky. If he had noticed how he felt, he could not have done the work.

Any other art may be permanent. I cannot recall one Rahm sequence. He improvised. If Christo⁴ wraps a building or dyes a harbor, we join his poignant
75 and fierce awareness that the work will be gone in days. Rahm's plane shed a ribbon in space, a ribbon whose end unraveled in memory while its beginning unfurled as surprise. He may have acknowledged that what he did could be called art, but it would have been, I think, only in the common misuse, which holds art to be the last extreme of skill.

80 When Rahm flew, he sat down in the middle of art, and strapped himself in. He spun it all around him. He could not see it himself. If he never saw it on film, he never saw it at all—as if Beethoven could not hear his final symphonies not because he was deaf, but because he was inside the paper on which he wrote. Rahm must have felt it happen, that fusion of vision and metal, motion and idea. I
85 think of this man as a figure, a college professor with a Ph.D. upside down in the loud band of beauty. He was lost in his figural aspect like an actor or king. Of his flying, he had said, "I get a rhythm and stick with it." In its reticence, this statement reminded me of Veronese's⁵ "Given a large canvas, I enhanced it as I saw fit." But Veronese was ironic, and Rahm was not; he was as literal as an
90 astronaut; the machine gave him tongue. "Purity does not lie in separation from, but in deeper penetration into the universe," Teilhard de Chardin⁶ wrote. It is hard to imagine a deeper penetration into the universe than Rahm's last dive in his plane, or than his inexpressible wordless selfless line's inscribing the air and dissolving.

Annie Dillard (1945–)

An American writer; 1975 winner of
the Pulitzer Prize for non-fiction

⁴Christo—modern artist who specializes in artistry where he packages buildings and landscapes in a variety of fabrics and materials

⁵Veronese—(1528–88) Italian Renaissance painter

⁶Teilhard de Chardin—(1881–1955) a visionary French Jesuit, paleontologist, biologist, and philosopher, who attempted to integrate religious experience with science

II. Questions 8 to 15 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

Coventina was an ancient Celtic river goddess to whom dedications are still found scattered about the British countryside near the source of rivers. The poet recalls seeing one of these ancient altars where “Grotus,” a Roman name, had been cut into the stone. (The Romans occupied Britain for several centuries beginning in AD 43.)

GROTUS AND COVENTINA

- Far from home Grotus dedicated an altar to Coventina
Who holds in her right hand a waterweed
And in her left a pitcher spilling out a river.
Anywhere Grotus looked at running water he felt at home
5 And when he remembered the stone where he cut his name
Some dried-up course beneath his breastbone started
Pouring and darkening—more or less the way
The thought of his stunted altar works on me.
- Remember when our electric pump gave out,
10 Priming¹ it with bucketfuls, our idiotic rage
And hangdog phone-calls to the farm next door
For somebody please to come and fix it?
And when it began to hammer on again,
Jubilation at the tap’s full force, the sheer
15 Given fact of water, how you felt you’d never
Waste one drop but know its worth better always.
Do you think we could run through all that one more time?
I’ll be Grotus, you be Coventina.

Seamus Heaney (1939–)

Born in County Derry, Northern Ireland,
Heaney is a Nobel Prize recipient for poetry.

¹Priming—pouring water into a pump until suction is established

III. Questions 16 to 27 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

Prior to this scene, the two branches of the Plantagenet family (the houses of York and Lancaster) created internal strife in England because both houses claimed the right to the throne.

Edmund Mortimer of the House of York believed he had a legitimate claim to the throne. But while he was still a young man, an attempt to install him as king resulted in his imprisonment by Henry V (Henry Monmouth) of the House of Lancaster.

In 1442, Henry V's death placed his infant son, Henry VI, on the throne and under the control of unscrupulous men.

In this scene, Mortimer, now a prisoner in the Tower of London, is waiting for a visit from his nephew, Richard Plantagenet, so that Mortimer can pass his claim to the throne on to Richard.

CHARACTERS:

EDMUND MORTIMER (the Earl of March)

RICHARD PLANTAGENET (the Duke of York) Mortimer's nephew

KEEPER (jailkeeper)

from THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH, Act II, scene v

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Jailers.

MORTIMER: Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new halèd from the rack,
5 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like¹ agèd in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
10 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;²
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine

Continued

¹Nestor—an aged leader in the Trojan Wars

²exigent—end

- That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
 Yet are these feet (whose strengthless stay is numb,
 15 Unable to support this lump of clay)
 Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
- KEEPER:** Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.
 20 We sent unto the Temple,³ unto his chamber,
 And answer was returned that he will come.
- MORTIMER:** Enough. My soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth⁴ first began to reign
 25 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration⁵ have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honor and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 30 Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.
 (*Enter RICHARD.*)
- 35 **KEEPER:** My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
MORTIMER: Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
RICHARD: Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 Your nephew, late despisèd Richard, comes.
- MORTIMER:** Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck
 40 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
 O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss!
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
- 45 **RICHARD:** First lean thine agèd back against mine arm,
 And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
 This day in argument upon a case

Continued

³Temple—either of two groups of buildings in London that house the Inns of Court, where Richard is staying

⁴Henry Monmouth—Henry V (Henry VI's father)

⁵sequestration—isolation, imprisonment

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset⁶ and me;
 Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
 50 And did upbraid me with my father's death;
 Which obloquy⁷ set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him.
 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 In honor of a true Plantagenet,
 55 And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
MORTIMER: That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me
 And hath detained me all my flow'ring youth
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 60 Was cursèd instrument of his decease.
RICHARD: Discover more at large what cause that was,
 For I am ignorant and cannot guess.
MORTIMER: I will, if that my fading breath permit
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
 65 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
 Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son . . .
 . . . (young Richard thus removed,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
 I was the next by birth and parentage . . .
 70 Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 75 And have installed me in the diadem;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppressed.
RICHARD: Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.
 80 **MORTIMER:** True, and thou seest that I no issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.
 Thou art my heir. The rest I wish thee gather;
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.
RICHARD: Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
 85 But yet methinks my father's execution

Continued

⁶Somerset—the Duke of Somerset, of the House of Lancaster. The personal conflict between Somerset and Richard was longstanding

⁷obloquy—defamatory speech, reprehension

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
MORTIMER: With silence, nephew, be thou politic.⁸
 Strong fixèd is the house of Lancaster
 And like a mountain, not to be removed.
 90 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts when they are cloyed⁹
 With long continuance in a settled place.
RICHARD: O uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!
 95 **MORTIMER:** Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only give order for my funeral.
 And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
 100 And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!
 (*Dies.*)
RICHARD: And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage¹⁰
 And like a hermit overpassed thy days.
 105 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.
 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life.
 (*Exeunt Jailers, with MORTIMER's body.*)
 110 Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offered to my house
 I doubt not but with honor to redress;
 115 And therefore haste I to the parliament,
 Either to be restorèd to my blood
 Or make my will th'advantage of my good. (*Exit.*)

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

⁸politic—scheming

⁹cloyed—satiated, glutted, filled to choking

¹⁰pilgrimage—lengthy mission or quest

IV. Questions 28 to 35 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

This essay is from The Rambler, a series of periodical essays with a satirical tone published between 1750–1752. These essays were intended for a scholarly, well-read audience. The variations in spelling are characteristic of the writing in this time period.

THE BOARDING HOUSE

Sir,

You have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and enquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less
5 importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action thro' obscurity and contradiction, as *Tully*¹ sought amidst brushes and
10 brambles the tomb of *Archimedes*.²

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality.³ The power or wealth of
15 the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much encreased by an enquiry after the names of those barbarians, who destroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase till he has learned the history of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish, and that no
20 nation omits to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage, and rapacious.⁴

The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wise man to slumber in total inactivity only because he happens to have no employment equal
25 to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my custom to apply my attention to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that

Continued

¹*Tully* [Cicero]—(106–43 BC) Roman scholar, translator, and orator

²*Archimedes*—(287–212 BC) a Greek mathematician and inventor

³prodigality—reckless wastefulness

⁴rapacious—greedy, plundering

affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities⁵ of the several garrets in which I have resided:

Quantulacunque estis, vos ego magna voco.

30 How small to others, but how great to me!⁶

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaisterer,⁷ having, at her entrance, obliterated by his white-wash, all the
35 smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened⁸ my lodgings, the landlady told me, that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no
40 disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she
45 began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard, that the first tenant was a taylor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth
50 which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in
55 *Cheapside*,⁹ that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that

Continued

⁵antiquities—customs or events of ancient times

⁶How small to others, but how great to me!—translated from the Latin (from “Amores” by the Roman poet Ovid—43 BC–AD 17)

⁷plaisterer—plasterer

⁸cheapened—bargained for

⁹*Cheapside*—a London inner-city area of commerce and entertainment; people who lived there were often destitute or in desperate circumstances; therefore, some people assumed that they were of questionable morality

she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last an elderly man of a grave aspect, read the bill, and bargained for the room, at the
60 very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out till evening, and then returned early sometimes chearful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket, and tho' cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and
65 seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarm'd at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped;
70 much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why any body should be hanged for making money when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall for the future always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

75 The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a publick street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low cieling, required the walls to be hung with fresher paper, asked questions about the neighbourhood,
80 could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the window had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnish'd waistcoat, desired to see the garret,
85 and when he had stipulated for two long shelves and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next
90 floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive
95 laughter. When he encountered any of the family he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated,

Continued

Ὅς ὑπερώτα δώματα ναίει.

This habitant th' aerial regions boast.¹⁰

100 hard words, to which his neighbours listened so often, that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

105 My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, tho' he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

110 She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other: she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks, without impatience or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears
115 of useless sorrow, and returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true is it that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and
120 willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of *Juvenal*,¹¹ that a single house will shew whatever is done or suffered in the world.

Samuel Johnson (1709–84)

A British writer of essays, reviews, sermons, biographies, poetry, and the first dictionary of the English Language

¹⁰This habitant th' aerial regions boast—translated from the Greek (from the works of the poet Hesiod, 800 BC)

¹¹*Juvenal*—1st century Roman poet

V. Questions 36 to 44 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

CHARACTERS:

MAXIM DE WINTER (MAX)

BEATRICE (BEATR)—Max's sister

GILES—Max's brother-in-law

FRANK—An employee at Manderley

FRITH—A servant

MRS. DE WINTER—Max's new bride, who is considerably younger than Max

SCENE: The action takes place at MAXIM DE WINTER's country estate of Manderley, in Cornwall, England, some years before the Second World War.

MAX's first wife, Rebecca, drowned in the sea off the estate of Manderley less than a year ago.

MAX and his new 21-year-old bride, MRS. DE WINTER, have just arrived after being married in France. Awaiting them are the servants, and BEATRICE and GILES. In this scene, they are meeting MRS. DE WINTER for the first time.

from REBECCA

MAXIM: Here is Bea, my one and only sister, who is so itching with curiosity to see you that she's motored fifty miles. (*They shake hands.*) Giles, my brother-in-law—(*Shakes hands.* BEATRICE crosses to fireplace. GILES crosses a step.)—and Frank Crawley—(*Shakes hands.*) who thinks he runs the estate, but actually I do the whole thing myself. Sit down, darling. (*MAXIM puts her*
5 *on pouffe.*¹ *A pause. MAXIM places her coat on piano bench.*)

BEATR: Well, I must say you're entirely different from what I expected.

MAX: What did you expect?

GILES: A blasted blue-stocking.²

10 **MAX:** You mustn't mind Bea. She believes in speaking her mind. (*MAXIM crosses to BEATRICE after touching MRS. DE WINTER on shoulder.*) One of your most endearing habits, isn't it, Bea?

FRANK: Cigarette? (*FRANK takes cigarette-box from sofa table, offers MRS. DE WINTER a cigarette, then returns with box to above table.*)

Continued

¹pouffe—a kind of low couch or a cushioned footstool

²blue-stocking—a woman with strong intellectual or literary interests

- 15 MRS. DE W: No, thank you. (FRITH *enters with sherry and whisky in glasses and decanter. Crosses to GILES who takes a whisky, then to MRS. DE WINTER, who takes nothing, then to MAXIM, who hands a whisky to BEATRICE and takes one for himself. FRANK takes sherry. FRITH puts tray on piano and exits, leaving doors open.*)
- 20 BEATR: You must forgive us for thrusting ourselves upon you so soon, old boy, but we really couldn't resist. If you will go and get married in this hole-and-corner fashion, you'll have to put up with a certain amount of curiosity. You're looking better, thank goodness. (BEATRICE *sits.*) I suppose we've got you to thank for that?
- 25 MAX: You imagine everyone ill who doesn't look as bloated as Giles. (*He crosses to below sofa, then to chairs.*)
- BEATR: Bosh! You know perfectly well you were a wreck six months ago. (*GILES starts to cross to MAXIM, stops.*) I thought you were in for a breakdown.
- 30 MAX: Rot, Bea. Shut up! (*GILES then crosses to MAXIM, who stands against chair.*)
- BEATR: Giles, bear me out. Didn't Maxim look perfectly ghastly last time we came over?
- GILES: I must say, old chap, you're looking a different person. Damn good thing
- 35 you went away. (*Pokes MAXIM.*)
- MAX: Nonsense, nonsense! (*MAXIM crosses below sofa, then crosses to French windows. GILES sits.*)
- MRS. DE W: Maxim's sunburnt. We used to have breakfast every morning on the balcony of our room, looking over the canal. The sun rather went to our
- 40 heads.
- FRANK: It must have been wonderful in Venice this time of the year.
- MRS. DE W: It was heavenly. We found something different every day—a bridge, or a church, or the wall of an old house. I wanted to paint them all, and there was never time.
- 45 BEATR: I say, Max, your horses need exercising.
- MAX: What?
- BEATR: They're getting much too fat.
- MAX: My dear girl, they have the same routine as yours. Don't show off and pretend you know more about horses than I do.
- 50 BEATR: How can you know if they are exercised when you're away? They haven't had a gallop for weeks. I can tell by the condition of their coats. (*This is very nearly a serious argument, so much so that MRS. DE WINTER feels she must change the subject.*)
- MAX: I'd rather they looked colossal than half-starved like that idiot mare of
- 55 yours. (*MAXIM crosses to her, teasing her, then turns to GILES.*)

Continued

BEATR: Not a very intelligent remark considering that "idiot mare" won a first at Olympia last year.

MRS. DE W: How far away do you live? Did you really have to motor fifty miles?

60 BEATR: All of that, my dear. We live the other side of Launceston in Devon, the hunting³ is so much better with us. (BEATRICE gives MAXIM a look.) You must come over one day when Maxim can spare you. We can mount you.⁴

MRS. DE W: I'm afraid I don't ride.

65 BEATR: Oh, you must take it up. You can't possibly live in the country and not ride. You won't know what to do with yourself. Maxim says you paint, that's very nice of course, but there's no exercise in that. (BEATRICE is still in chair, plays the above speech over her shoulder while toying with whisky glass.)

MAX: My dear Bea, we're not all such fresh air fiends as you and Giles. (MAXIM crosses above BEATRICE, touching her, then to MRS. DE WINTER, giving her a slight embrace, then to piano for drink.)

70 BEATR: I wasn't talking to you, my pet. We all know you are perfectly happy slopping about the gardens and never breaking out of a slow walk.

MRS. DE W: I'm very fond of walking, too. I'm sure I shall never get tired of wandering about Manderley. And I can bathe⁵ when it's warmer.

75 BEATR: My dear, you are an optimist. The water is far too cold and the beach is shingle.⁶ (MAXIM turns to drink, back to audience.)

MRS. DE W: I don't mind that, as long as the currents are not too strong. Is the bathing safe in the bay? (A pause, BEATRICE looks at MAXIM, then at GILES. GILES looks at FRANK, who looks at MAXIM. GILES clears his throat. Then a general movement. GILES rises, crosses to piano for hat and gloves, puts glass on tray. BEATRICE is drinking, stops, rises, crosses with glass to table, gets hat, starts to put it on.)

80 GILES: I say, Bea, we shall have to be hitting the road. (Crosses to piano.)

MAX: Oh, must you go?

85 BEATR: Yes, we're going to the Cartwrights'. (Rises, crosses to fire, then to table above sofa.)

GILES: We shall be infernally late as it is. (Getting hat and gloves, glass on piano.)

BEATR: Suppose you go and do something about the car, then? (Putting hat on.)

Continued

³hunting—fox hunting

⁴mount you—provide a horse for you

⁵bathe—go swimming

⁶shingle—rough stones

- 90 GILES (*Crosses to near door*): Got a new bus, Maxim. Rather pleased with it. One of those 4 1/2 litre Lagondas. Complete cad's⁷ car. (*He exits followed by FRANK and then MAXIM.*)
- MAX: They're damn good, aren't they? (*MAXIM pantomimes BEATRICE to talk to MRS. DE WINTER on exit.*)
- 95 GILES: Come and have a look at it.
- BEATR: Dear Maxim. He's aching for us to go. I know the signs so well. We're not a bit alike, Max and I. I lose my temper on the slightest provocation. He loses his about twice a year. I don't suppose he ever will with you. I should think you're a placid thing. I congratulate you on his looks. We were all very
- 100 worried about him last year. (*BEATRICE crosses to below sofa, putting hat on with aid of big mirror. Turns to MRS. DE WINTER.*) You know, you mustn't mind me saying so, but you're even younger looking than I expected.
- MRS. DE W: I'm twenty-one.
- BEATR: An absolute child. (*Turns up for cigarette from box on end of sofa table.*)
- 105 When I heard Maxim had picked you up in the south of France, I must admit it gave me a bit of a shock. I expected a social butterfly. What were you doing down there? Companion to some ghastly old dowager⁸ or something? What on earth for?
- MRS. DE W: Well, I had to earn my living.
- 110 BEATR: Hadn't you any family? (*BEATRICE is lighting cigarette.*)
- MRS. DE W: No.
- BEATR: I see. (*A pause. BEATRICE tosses match down, then crosses to near back of chair.*) Well, we are all delighted and I do so hope you'll be happy.
- MRS. DE W: Thank you.
- 115 BEATR: Poor Maxim—he went through a ghastly time, though. Let's hope you make him forget about it. (*Crosses in to her studying the possible effect.*) You know, I think you ought to do something to your hair. Why don't you have it waved? It's so lanky, isn't it? Must look awful under a hat. Try sweeping it behind your ears. (*MRS. DE WINTER puts hair behind ears.*) No,
- 120 that's worse. (*BEATRICE backs up a step.*) Much too severe. What does Maxim say? Does he like it like that?
- MRS. DE W: I don't know. He's never talked about it.
- BEATR: Oh! Well, don't go by me. Perhaps he likes it. (*BEATRICE crosses to table, puts out cigarette, then opens handbag, crosses with compact.*) Tell me,
- 125 did you get any clothes in Paris or London?

Continued

⁷cad—a man who acts with deliberate disregard for others

⁸dowager—a widow who possesses property or a title from her deceased husband

MRS. DE W: No, we hadn't any time. Maxim wanted to come home to Manderley.

BEATR: I can tell by the way you dress you don't care a hoot what you wear.

(BEATRICE is powdering nose, shakes out puff.)

MRS. DE W: I do. I'm fond of nice things. But I never could afford them before.

130 BEATR: I wonder Maxim didn't stay a week or so in London to get you something decent to wear. He's always so particular.

MRS. DE W: Is he? He never seems particular to me. I don't think he notices what I wear at all.

BEATR: Oh? Oh, he must have changed then. (BEATRICE turns to her quickly.)

135 D'you think you'll have many people down to stay?

MRS. DE W: I don't know. Maxim hasn't said.

BEATR: One never could get a bed here in the old days. Tremendous parties.

Somehow I don't quite see you—Oh, well ... (BEATRICE turns as if to go, stops.) It's a pity you don't ride or shoot. You must miss a lot. You don't

140 sail a boat, by any chance, do you?

MRS. DE W: No.

BEATR: Thank God for that. (Snaps compact shut, then crosses to above sofa table, picks up gloves and begins to pull them on.)

GILES: Bea? Come on.

145 BEATR: I must be off. What do you want for a wedding present? We must give you something, of course.

MRS. DE W: Oh, please don't bother. (She rises, crosses to below piano.)

BEATR: Nonsense! I'm not one to grudge you a present even if we weren't invited to your wedding. (Still putting on gloves.)

150 MRS. DE W: I hope you didn't mind. Maxim wanted it to be abroad and absolutely quiet.

BEATR: Of course not. Very sensible. After all, he had a tremendous wedding last time. Sorry, my dear, I didn't mean to be rude. I suppose I've said all sorts of things I shouldn't. (Still putting on gloves.) But you're not a bit what I
155 expected—you're so very different from Rebecca. (Stops abruptly. GILES enters after one beat, then turns to MRS. DE WINTER on line "I'm damn glad," etc.)

GILES (starts speaking off-stage): I say, what are you doing? (MRS. DE WINTER puts gloves and handbag on piano.) We shall have to drive like stink to make
160 it. I'm damn glad you married Maxim. Come and stay with us whenever you want to, and bring your paint box. Heaps of horses in the stables and I'd like pictures of all of 'em.

MRS. DE W: Good-bye, Giles. (Puts out hand to him.)

GILES: Good-bye. (Crosses to hall.)

Continued

165 BEATR: Bye-bye, my dear. (BEATRICE *crosses between sofa and chair.*) Look
after Maxim. And if you do go up to London to buy clothes I'll give you the
address of my woman.

GILES: Come on, Bea!

170 BEATR: She has very good taste and she doesn't rook⁹ you. (*Exit BEATRICE and*
GILES, *ad libbing about how late they are.*)

Daphne du Maurier (1907–86)

A British adventure and mystery novelist who adapted her novel
Rebecca into a play, which became the 1940 film of the
same name directed by Alfred Hitchcock

⁹rook—cheat

VI. Questions 45 to 55 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a short story.

The story is set in a beautiful coastal area of northern Italy where, for centuries, foreigners have come to live.

This excerpt occurs during the dictatorship of Benito Mussolini (1922–43), a time initially regarded as one of excitement, change, and promise. As the regime became more repressive, this enthusiasm gave way to apprehension and disillusionment.

from FOUR SEASONS

The school Carmela attended for much of six years was founded by Dr. Barnes, a foreigner who had no better use for his money. It had two classrooms, with varnished desks nailed to the floor, and steel lockers imported from England, and a playing field in which stray dogs collected. A sepia¹ picture of the founder
5 reading a book hung near a likeness of Mussolini. The two frames were identical, which showed the importance of Dr. Barnes—at least in Castel Vittorio. Over their heads the King rode horseback, wearing all his medals. To one side, somewhat adrift on the same wall, was the Sacred Heart.² After Carmela was twelve and too old to bother with school anymore, she forgot all the history and
10 geography she'd learned, but she remembered the men in their brown frames, and Jesus with His heart on fire. She left home that year, just after Easter, and came down to the Ligurian coast between Ventimiglia and Bordighera. She was to live with Mr. and Mrs. Unwin now, to cook and clean and take care of their twin daughters. Tessa and Clare were the children's names; Carmela pronounced them
15 easily. The Unwins owned a small printing press, and as there was a large Anglo-American colony in that part of the world they never lacked for trade. They furnished letterhead stationery, circulars, and announcements for libraries, consulates, Anglican churches, and the British Legion—some printed, some run off the mimeograph machine. Mr. Unwin was also a part-time real-estate agent.
20 They lived in a villa on top of a bald hill. Because of a chronic water shortage, nothing would grow except cactus. An electric pump would have helped the matter, but the Unwins were too poor to have one put in. Mrs. Unwin worked with her husband in the printing office when she felt well enough. She was the victim of fierce headaches caused by pollen, sunshine, and strong perfumes. The
25 Unwins had had a cook, a char,³ and a nanny for the children, but when Carmela

Continued

¹sepia—yellowish-brown tone

²Sacred Heart—a particular depiction of Christ, and the name of Carmela's school

³char—woman who cleans houses

joined the household they dismissed the last of the three; the first two had been gone for over a year now. From the kitchen one could look down a slope into a garden where flowering trees and shrubs sent gusts of scent across to torment Mrs. Unwin, and leaves and petals to litter her cactus bed. An American woman called
30 “the Marchesa” lived there. Mrs. Unwin thought of her as an enemy—someone who deliberately grew flowers for the discomfort they created.

Carmela had never been anywhere except her own village and this house, but Mrs. Unwin had no way of knowing that. She pressed a cracked black change purse in Carmela’s hand and sent her down the hill to the local market to fetch
35 carrots and not over a pound of the cheapest stewing beef. Carmela saw walled villas, and a clinic with a windbreak of cypress trees and ochre walls and black licorice balconies. Near the shore, work had stopped on some new houses. One could look through them, where windows were still holes in the walls, and catch a glimpse of the sea. She heard someone comment in an Italian more precious⁴ than
40 her own, “Hideous. I hope they fall down on top of the builder. Unwin put money in it, too, but he’s bankrupt.” The woman who made these remarks was sitting under the pale-blue awning of a café so splendid that Carmela felt bound to look the other way. She caught, like her flash of the sea, small round tables and colored ices⁵ in silver dishes. All at once she recognized a chauffeur in uniform
45 leaning with his back to a speckless motorcar. He was from Castel Vittorio. He gave no sign that he knew Carmela. Her real life was beginning now, and she never doubted its meaning. Among the powerful and the strange she would be mute and watchful. She would swim like a little fish, and learn to breathe under water.

50 At the beginning, she did not always understand what was said, or what Mrs. Unwin expected. When Mrs. Unwin remarked, “The chestnut trees flower beautifully up where you come from, though, of course, the blossoms are death for *me*,” Carmela stopped peeling vegetables for the English stew Mrs. Unwin was showing her how to make and waited for something more. “What have I said
55 now to startle you?” said Mrs. Unwin. “You’re like a little sparrow!” Carmela still waited, glancing sidelong, hair cut unevenly and pushed behind her ears. She wore a grey skirt, a cotton blouse, and sandals. A limp black cardigan hung on her shoulders. She did not own stockings, shoes, a change of underwear, a dressing gown, or a coat, but she had a medal⁶ on a chain, an inheritance from a
60 Sicilian grandmother—the grandmother from whom she had her southern name. Mrs. Unwin had already examined Carmela’s ears to see if the lobes were pierced. She couldn’t stand that—the vanity of it, and the mutilation. Letting Carmela’s ears go, she had said to her husband, “Good. Mussolini is getting rid of most of

Continued

⁴precious—elegant, refined

⁵ices—frozen confections such as ice-cream

⁶medal—religious medal (usually with a picture of a saint on it)

that. All but the medals.”

65 “Have I pronounced ‘chestnut’ in some peculiar way? My Italian can’t be that bad.” She got a little green dictionary out of the pocket of her smock and ruffled its pages. She had to tilt her head and close an eye because of the cigarette she kept in her mouth. “I don’t mean horse chestnuts,” she said, the cigarette waving. “How very funny that is in Italian, by the way. I mean the Spanish
70 chestnuts. They flower late in the season, I believe.”

“Every flower has its season,” said the child.

Carmela believed this conversation to have a malignant intent she could not yet perceive. The mixture of English and unstressed Italian was virtually impossible for her to follow. She had never seen a woman smoking until now.

75 “But your family *are* up the Nervia Valley?” Mrs. Unwin insisted. “Your father, your mother, your sisters and your cousins and your aunts?” She became jocular, therefore terrifying. “Maria, Liliana, Ignazio, Francamaria . . .” The names of remembered servants ran out.

“I think so,” said Carmela.

80 Her mother had come down to Bordighera to work in the laundry room of a large hotel. Her little brother had been apprenticed to a stonemason. Her father was dead, perhaps. The black and the grey she wore were half-mourning.

“Mussolini is trying to get away from those oversized families,” said Mrs. Unwin with confidence. She sat on a high stool, arranging flowers in a copper
85 bowl. She squashed her cigarette suddenly and drank out of a teacup. She seemed to Carmela unnaturally tall. Her hands were stained, freckled, *old*, but she was the mother of Tessa and Clare, who were under three and still called “the babies.” The white roses she was stabbing onto something cruel and spiked had been brought to the kitchen door by the chauffeur from Castel Vittorio. This time
90 he had given Carmela a diffident nod.

“Do you know him?” said Mrs. Unwin instantly.

“I think I saw him in the town,” said Carmela.

“Now, that is deceitful,” said Mrs. Unwin, though without reproach. “He knows who *you* are, because he vouched for your whole family. ‘Hard-working,
95 sober, the pride of the Nervia Valley.’ I hope there is to be none of that,” she added, in another voice. “You know what I mean. Men, giggling, chatting men up in the doorway, long telephone calls.”

The white roses were a peace offering: a dog belonging to the next-door neighbor had torn up something precious in the Unwins’ garden. Mrs. Unwin
100 suddenly said that *she* had no time to stroll out in pink chiffon, wearing a floppy hat and carrying a sprinkling can; no time to hire jazz bands for parties or send shuttlecocks⁷ flying over the hedge and then a servant to retrieve them; less time

Continued

⁷shuttlecocks—feathered cork or rubber, commonly called a “bird,” used in badminton

still to have a chauffeur as a lover. Carmela could not get the drift of this. She felt accused.

105 "I don't know, Signora," she said, as though some yes-or-no answer had been required point-blank.

Where the roses had come from everything was white, green, lavish, sweet-smelling. Plants Carmela could not have put a name to bent over with the weight of their blooms. She could faintly hear a radio. All of that belonged to the

110 Marchesa. She was the one who had said, "Hideous."

Mavis Gallant (1922–)

A Canadian writer who has lived in France for over 40 years; she is a Governor General's Award-winner and a Companion of the Order of Canada

VII. Questions 56 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a non-fiction book.

from THE BIOLOGY OF WIND

- Over most of the Earth surface, the ecologically dominant plants now belong to wind-pollinated species. Temperate and tropical grasslands, coniferous and deciduous forests, and nearly all semi-desert lands, are dominated by species which reach up to shed pollen into turbulent air. Only rain forest, where wind is largely excluded, relies on animal-pollinators. Just ten per cent of the world plant species are wind lovers, but they account for ninety per cent of all individual plants. And paramount amongst these for the last fifty million years have been the grasses, the cereals which have come to mean so much to so many species, setting the stage for the evolution of the mammals and the emergence of human beings.
- 10 The grasses appeared so suddenly and spread so fast that Darwin described them as “an abominable mystery.” Looking back at their emergence, Loren Eiseley said, “In that moment, the golden towers of man, his swarming millions, his turning wheels, the vast learning of his packed libraries, glimmered dimly there in the first grain of wheat.”
- 15 The almost negligible weight of a handful of new grass pollen changed the face of the world and made it ours. And the success of all the grains ever since has been due in very large measure to the strategy these first ones borrowed from the pines, to an ability to harness the restless air, which can shake and bend and break the biggest trees, and make of it instead a gentle lover.
- 20 The notion of wind as an inseminator is not unique to botany. The Christian account of creation begins with a spirit like the wind that “moved upon the face of the waters.” In the Babylonian epic, life begins with “raging winds filling the belly” of a primeval dragon. The Hindu gods come into being when primordial waters are inflated by wind “as a blacksmith blows up a fire with his bellows.”
- 25 The Algonquin hero Hiawatha is born after his mother becomes pregnant by the breath of the west wind. In Egyptian mythology, vultures and the mares of Lusitania are fertilised by the wind.
- Everywhere there is a sense of wind as a creative spirit, an invisible force exercising, in the modern idiom, a genetic influence.
- 30 It is not a random one. If it were, genes would be dispersed along an even gradient around their source. Breeding would take place most often between close relatives. But all studies on the effects of wind distribution show a strange double-humped curve. Breeding does occur between close relatives, but it also takes place just as often between distant relatives, though seldom with those in
- 35 between.

Continued

What this means is that wind, while securing a firm base for any population, is also a potent force in favour of genetic novelty.

It shapes new forms, probes new habitats, stirs up unrest and foments evolution.

40 “A fine wind,” said D.H. Lawrence in one of his less pessimistic moods, “is blowing the new direction of Time.”

Lyall Watson (1939–)

Watson is a South African scientist who has written over 20 books exploring scientific knowledge in light of human experience.

VIII. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

WOOD

The silence of a desk
is good to return to
after conversation with human beings
where sentences went up
5 and some went down.

The drawers in a desk
are smaller than the drawers of the heart
but more predictable.
If you place something here,
10 it will be waiting when you get back.

Hard to imagine the heart being so plain,
holding no more than what it is given
when all around the earth stretches out
its giant fields.

15 The heart coasts through fields, gathering.
The heart comes and goes like a crow.

While the desk waits in the room
where light and dark revolve so quietly
it is as if nothing happens, as if
20 the shadow sleeping inside the wood
slides out for a few hours
and folds in again, still empty.

As if the papers with words on them
were written by wood that, slowly,
25 would last that long.

Naomi Shihab Nye (1952–)

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Nye has
received the Carity Randall Prize and awards from the
Texas Institute of Letters and the International Poetry Forum.

Credits

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English 30: Part B

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